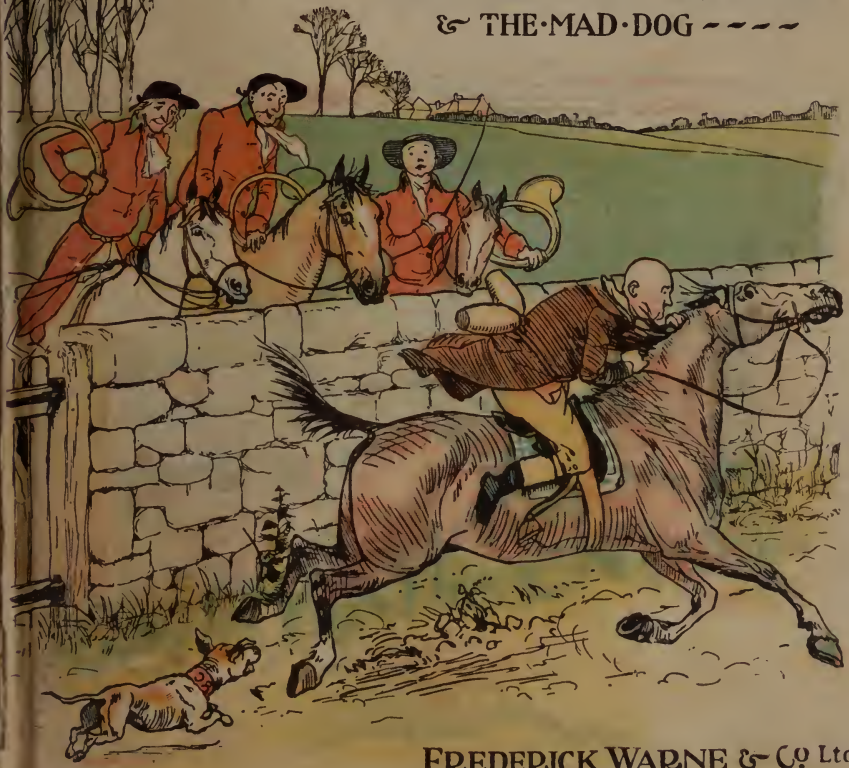
R. Caldecott's PICTURE BOOK

No. 1

JOHN GILPIN
THE·THREE·JOVIAL·HUNTSMEN
& THE·MAD·DOG



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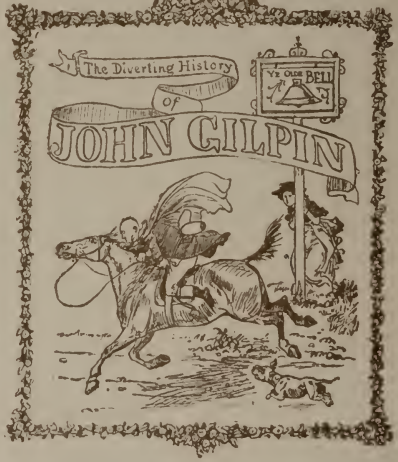

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The Three Jovial Huntsmen

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CONTAINING

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN
THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

ALL ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR
AND BLACK AND WHITE
BY

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

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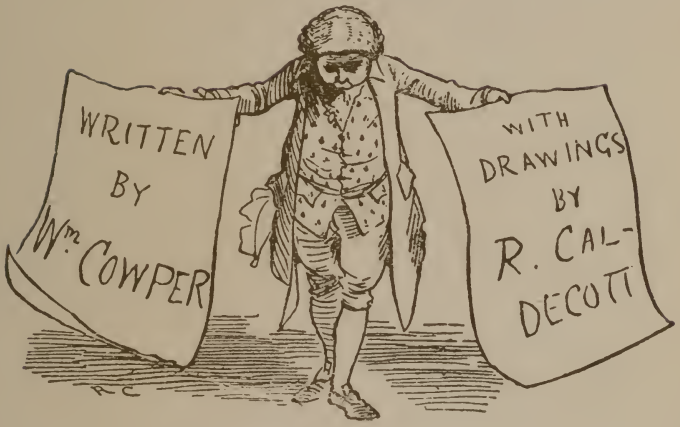
THE DIVERTING HISTORY
OF



JOHN GILPIN

THE DIVERTING HISTORY
OF
JOHN GILPIN

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well
And for that wine is dear, [said;
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was
She had a frugal mind. [bent,

The morning came, the chaise was
But yet was not allowed [brought,
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was
Where they did all get in; [stayed,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
Were never folks so glad! [wheels,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had
His journey to begin, [he,
When, turning round his head, he
Three customers come in. [saw

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-
"The wine is left behind!" [stairs,

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring
My leathern belt likewise, [it me,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and
He manfully did throw. [neat,

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made the horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

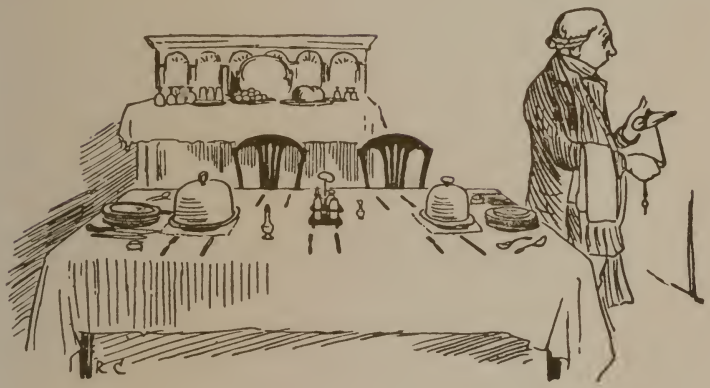
But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering
To see how he did ride. [much

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
They all at once did cry; [house!"
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"



But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings
Tell me you must and shall—[tell;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calendar
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would
And, if I well forebode, [come;
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and
A wig that flowed behind, [wig,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

AHA

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the "Bell,"
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

To London
To Ware
RC

E. E

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

THE THREE JOVIAL

HUNTSMEN.

THE

THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

I T's of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go;
An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also.
Look ye there!

An' one said, "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r noses reet i' th' wind,

An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet o' summat to our mind."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find
Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a boggart, an' another he said "Nay;
It's just a ge'man-farmer, that has gone an' lost his way"

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing
they did find
Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that they
left behind.
Look ye there!

One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Nay;
It's nought but an owd fossil cheese, that somebody's
roll't away."
Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Nay;
It's just a painted jackass, that has never larnt tc bray."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay;

They're no' but little angels, so we'll leave 'em to their play."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a fat pig, but another he said "Nay;
It's just a Lunnon Alderman, whose clothes are stole away."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said that they were lovers, but another he said "Nay;
They're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come, let us go away."
Look ye there!

So they hunted, an' they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun;
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day was done.

Look ye there!

Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we'n powler't up and down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."

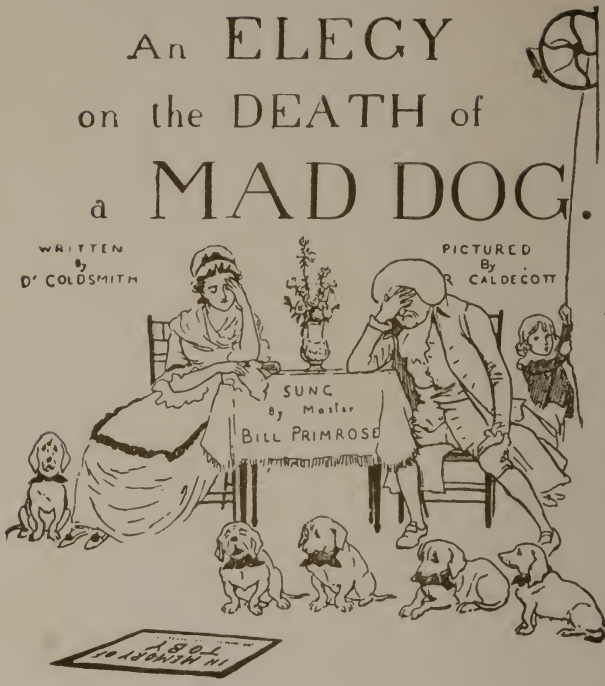
Look ye there!

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

A MAD DOG

An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.



GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;

And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there lived a man,
Of whom the world might say,

That still a godly
race he ran,

Whene'er he went
to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;

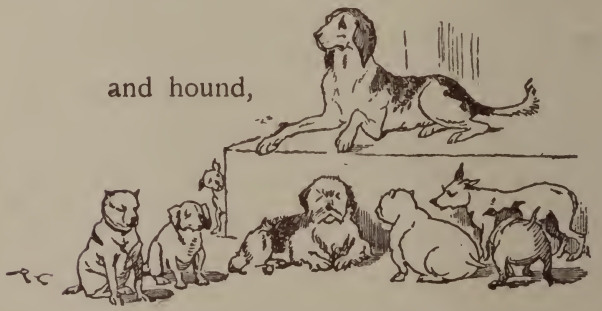
The naked every day he clad,

When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found:
As many dogs there be—

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,

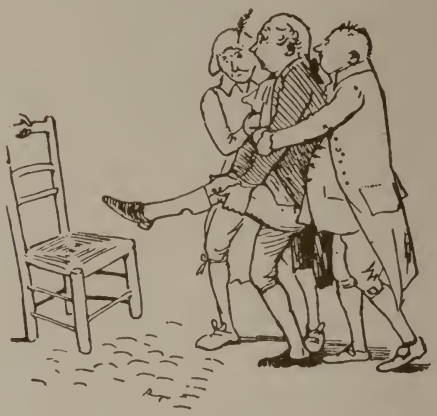
The dog, to gain some private ends,

Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets

The wondering neighbours ran;

And swore the dog had lost its wits,
To bite so good a man.



The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,

They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied—

The man recover'd of the bite;

The dog it was that died.

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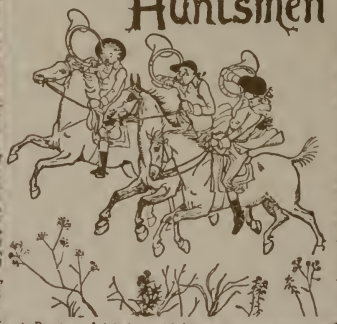
The MAD DOG

R. CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOKS

The Three Jovial Huntsmen



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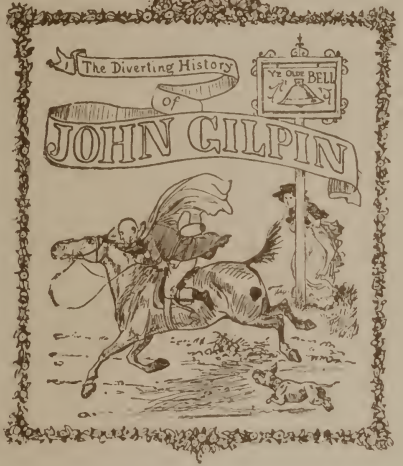

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